

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 9, 1864.

## OUR INAUGURAL.

An ugly transposition having occurred in printing our Inaugural last week, we reprint it to-day in its proper form:

The Camden Weekly JOURNAL again greets the citizens of Kershaw District. Connected by association with our community for years, we present to them an old and tried friend. It is regenerated under new auspices. We hope the liberality of patronage, cordiality of feeling, and kind indulgence, so generously bestowed on its former editor, may be extended to us.—We shall emulate his honesty, energy and earnest desire to promote the general welfare.

Permit us here to allude to its former Editor, our friend, THOMAS J. WARREN. Identified with this paper, he suspended its publication to serve his country, and fell at Gettysburg, to the irreparable loss of his family, and deep grief of his friends. It is revived amid the clash of arms, and at a period when great events are transpiring, and a brave people are battling for their altars and fireides, when momentous questions have arisen, and great feeling been developed.—This struggle has engaged the attention of the world. It is started at the hugeness of this war, and the development of physical and scientific resources on either side. Diplomacy and international law have received an unprecedented impetus.

History records no contest of equal magnitude.—The invasion of Xerxes, the eruption of the Omori and Teutoni; the devastating raid of Attila; the attempt on the liberties of the Netherlands; the Cavalier and Roundhead feud of England, or the tyrannical designs of George III, against the Colonies of '76, are not comparable to it. They are inferior to it in the malignant hatred, hellish designs or vast power of our foe, as well as in the thorough rightfulness of the party, invaded their successes against such odds, and their complete reliance solely on themselves. The European world has lost its chivalric impulses. From the treatment of us we occupy a worse position in its estimation than did Greece, Belgium, Spain or Turkey, when some of its powers have recognized and assisted at times. A cold hearted diplomacy controls them.—They have violated their own international codes and precedents. It is useless to attempt an analysis of their motives. We have no friends of consequence in Europe. Our point is this—we must rely solely, under the guidance of Providence, on our own cool heads and brave hearts. We have a vast deal to encourage us, and our reverses will prove of advantage, ultimately, perhaps in making us look our case squarely in the face and preparing for all emergencies—and furthermore, they will prevent a relaxation of our efforts. We have overcome great difficulties—won illustrious victories, and stemmed many torrens. Our enemy, we believe, has past his maximum. His numbers have not availed, his resources are becoming weaker. He is to-day weaker than he was twelve months ago. He has but penetrated our outer rim—the hardest task is before him. Our space forbids us to specify—we would stimulate no false, foolish hopes, nor would we relax our efforts—much, very much is before us. The hydra may yet become thoroughly reinvigorated. The winter gives us respite. Let us prepare fully to the uttermost of our capacity for the next spring, and let '64 gloriously terminate this war. Let us omit the blunders of '63, and add to its achievements. Now is the time for bold legislation, high patriotism, and first class management. Those things must be done; increase the army, regulate the currency, regulate and economize our supplies. Furthermore, let us devote, as a people, our whole souls to this war. Let us go into it with our pristine enthusiasm. Let the almighty dollar rest for awhile. We must not despair—trials are before us—we have already past through fiery ones. We have the elements of success within us, and let us avail ourselves of them. A concentration of mind and power will achieve our liberty. The administration must be sustained—the hands of our generals must be held up—our soldiers demand our every attention—cavillings, contentions and disaffection will weaken and confuse us. It is a time for mutual concession and magnanimity of conduct. The State demands the good will and services of every citizen. All are vitally interested in this struggle. Mistakes have been committed, but let us not therefore become bitter, and fold our arms. We will discuss men and measures freely when their faults or defects are such as to render their discussion servicable to the interests of the country, otherwise, opposition creates dissension—unity, harmony and patriotism will coalesce all interests and elements. Our purpose is to furnish information to the District. We hope all who feel a desire to communicate their sentiments, will freely use our paper as the medium of communication. Let us be true to ourselves, remember the teachings of history, and go forward, each and every one, prepared to do his duty, and peace will dawn on us as an independent people. May the day speedily come when war shall cease and prosperity shine on our blood-soaked country.

**COTTON CARDS.**—The Rev. Mr. DAVIS, of Montgomery, Ala., has invented a machine for making cotton cards, with which it is expected to turn out twenty five pair per day. He intends putting three or four machines in operation, by which he will be able to supply this indispensable article, at half the price now asked for them.

**GENERAL FORREST.**—We learn from the Richmond press that the gallant FORREST has received the appointment of Major General.

**DESTROYED BY FIRE.**—The fine three-story building on the corner of Mary and Amelia streets Charleston, used as the First North Carolina Hospital, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning last. There were about fifty patients in the Hospital at the time—all of whom were safely removed. Nearly all the furniture, stores and medicines were saved. The fire was accidental.

**ANOTHER FRESHET.**—The rains of last week, caused another heavy freshet in our river. We understand it rose to within two feet of the highest known. We have heard of no serious damage being done, save the widening of breaches made in dams, by the freshet of last month.

**WEAVER'S SLEETS.**—We saw quite a number of these useful articles offered for sale in our streets on Monday last, and they readily found purchasers. They are made by persons in our vicinity, some of them ladies, and can be had, we suppose, in any quantity.

For the Camden Journal.

## THE DYING YEAR.

Thick around the clouds are gathering.

Darker falls the shades of night,

Fainter grow the lengthening shadows

In the dark December light.

Wildly by the wind is sweeping,

Whispering to the listening ear,

We our mournful watch are keeping

For the weeping, dying year.

I am swiftly, surely fleeting.

For a season, list to me,

While my moments fast are fleeing,

List to dying '63.

Write my name in darkened letters,

I will long remembered be,

Remembered well by mourning numbers,

As the bloody '63.

Twelve months ago you bade me welcome,

On a scene of bloody strife,

Wildly surged the sea of battle,

Periling your country's life!

Yet you fondly hoped that Freedom

Your bleeding land would quickly see,

Freedom from a vile oppression!

You hoped for Peace in '63.

Many at my name will shudder!

Gladness from their hearts will flee,

Yet turning to a brighter picture,

A tear will fall for '63.

A Country now around is weeping.

For a veteran brave and free!

Saddened hearts are now remembering,

That "Stonewall" died in '63.

Rejoice, O land, amid thy weeping!

Did it ne'er recur to thee,

That the Christian hero who lies sleeping,

Was glorified in '63!

Yet I am weeping for thy country,

Bleeding still at every pore;

For thy sons whom he murdered,

Murdered in this year of woe!

Many hearts will throb with rapture,

Happy with the blessed thought,

That the year so sad to others,

Came to them with blessings fraught;

And his eye will fill with gladness

As the Christian bends the knee—

Father, I thank Thee, for that mercy

That made me Thine in '63.

And lighter clasp, Oh, fond young mother,

That treasure now so dear to thee!

Remember well, with fond emotion,

That precious gift of '63.

Deeper glows the blush of gladness,

On that face, from care so free,

As the youthful wife remembers,

A bride she stood in '63.

Many from this world of sorrow,

In Necropolis will stand,

Fade forms in the realms of shadows,

A sad, despairing, hopeless band!

Many white-robed ones in Heaven.

Standing by the Jasper Sea,

Will strike their golden harps with praises,

That they were crowned in '63.

Faster, faster, fly the moments,

Wildly blows the fitful blast,

Proclaiming in wild, dirge-like accents,

That the dying year is with the Past!

Through the vale of future ages—

Then will boom o'er quonary's sea

Voices, issuing from the ashes,

Of forgotten '63.

AURORA.

We take the liberty of publishing the following extracts from a private letter, says the Mississippian, we received a few days since from an esteemed lady friend, who is now sojourning at Columbus:

"I have just returned from my beautiful Mississippi home. I found my beautiful house, with twelve rooms elegantly furnished, my husband's law library, my gin, saw and grist mills, cribs, stables and out-houses all burned to the ground, my home entirely desolated during the last Yankee raid.

"My Yankee friends sent the widow (as they designated me) word that instead of clothing, feeding or sheltering the rebels, they would give me enough to do to attend to my family—that they had reduced me to poverty. My reply was that if that was true, and it was known to my rebel boys, I would soon have wealth untold. Thank God, they have never yet wrung a tear from me.

## The Recent Expedition of the Enemy to Elizabeth City, N. C.

That Beast Butler had organized an expedition of negro troops into Elizabeth City, N. C., has been announced. It appears that the beast selected a fit representative to command the expedition. The Raleigh (N. C.) Journal says

The expedition was commanded by Brig. Gen. Wild, and consisted of two regiments of negroes, one of which was commanded by Ex. Gov. Todd, of Ohio. They landed at Elizabeth City on Friday, 18th ult., and spent some eight days before they returned, during which they destroyed ten buildings in the counties of Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck, and outraged and plundered the people in the most heartless manner. Whilst in Elizabeth City the officers were all quartered on the most respectable families, indiscriminately, (the commissioned officers being white, the non-commissioned black,) and did not pay a dollar for anything they received. In most cases they compelled the white ladies to cook and wash for them. Reporting at Wild's headquarters daily, they were questioned to know if they had been treated as "gentlemen," and particularly if any of the male members of the families they were quartered on talked secession doctrine.

On the streets the ladies of the place were jostled by the negro troops, and had to permit them to walk by their side and converse with them, on pain of arrest and punishment for insulting "United States troops." Any information made by a negro against man or woman was received as conclusive evidence and brought swift punishment upon the alleged offender. The negro ran riot during the Yankee stay in the Albemarle county.

The commands of T. J. Elliott, 66th N. C. troops, and of Capt. Sandlin, came up with these villains twice, and succeeded in killing some forty to fifty of them, and wounding many more. They fled like wild deer on being fired upon, and were shot as they ran. A bright mulatto was captured and mistaken for a white man, and sent as a prisoner to Richmond by Capt. Elliott. On learning this, Gen. Wild sent three ladies, one a relative of Capt. Elliott, and ironed them and took them off, notifying Capt. E. that if his negro soldier was hanged he would hang the ladies. Capt. E. replied that he would do his duty unswayed by the General's threat. With these helpless women a number of men were also captured. All of them were kept confined in the garret story of a house in Elizabeth City, in one room, the women being made to cook for the men, and this for several days.

One of Col. J. C. Griffin's men, 62d Georgia cavalry, was captured, and on the bare statement of a negro was hanged by Gen. Wild as a guerrilla. This murder was ordered and witnessed by Wild. On the Yankee retreat he was taken, with the other prisoners, as far as Hinton's Cross Roads, and there, in the presence of the women and the negro troops, he was hanged from a cross beam of an old house, where his remains were found forty-four hours afterwards by his Colonel, and buried with military honors. On the back of the murdered soldier was a label with the following words:

"Here hangs a guerrilla of Pasquotank county, Daniel Bright, by order of Brig. Gen. Wild."

The unfortunate man's name was Daniel Bright, Co. L, 62d Georgia cavalry.

We are indebted to Gov. Vance for the following letters from Wide to Captains Elliott and Sandlin, which show the brutal character of the wretch who penned them. Even if they had the right to use negroes as soldiers, which we deny, who ever heard of ladies being held as hostages for soldiers captured by an enemy:

[Copy.]

NORTHWEST LANDING, VA.,

Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1863.

To William Sandlin, Capt. of Guerrillas:

Sir—I hold Maj. Gregory as a hostage for the colored soldier captured near Shiloh. I shall treat him exactly as your people treat that soldier. If they hang him, I shall hang Major Gregory; and you know by this time that I keep my word.

Let the soldier be sent to Deep Creek Village, at the end of Dismal Swamp Canal, and Major Gregory shall be at once restored.

(Signed.)

EDW'D A. WILD,

Brigadier-General Vols.

Major Gregory is an old man not in service.

[Copy.]

ELIZABETH CITY, Dec. 17th, 1863.

To John T. Elliott, Captain of Guerrillas:

Sir—I still hold in custody Mrs. Menden and Mrs. Weeks as hostages for the colored soldier taken by you. As he is treated so shall they be, even to hanging. By this time you know that I am in earnest. Guerrillas are to be treated as pirates. You will never have rest until you renounce your present course or join the regular Confederate Army.

(Signed.)

EDW'D A. WILD,

Brig. Gen. Vols.

Any day that you will send your colored prisoner to Deep Creek Village, at the terminus of Dismal Swamp Canal you will find these women returned there the next day. This is on the faith of one who keeps his word.

(Signed.)

EDW'D A. WILD,

Brig.-Gen. Vols.

These ladies were kept in handcuffs until taken to Norfolk, where they are kept in jail.

They were guarded by negroes, who escorted them, even to discharge the calls of nature.

We have not space to narrate the many heartless cases of cruelty perpetrated by these fiends. One or two cases will suffice as examples. They entered the house occupied by the wife of Capt. Elliott's Quartermaster. As the poor women sat at the fire she saw them deliberately cut a hole in the middle of the floor and build a fire therein to consume her house over her. She asked them if they could do that? They replied they could and would. "Then burn," was the lady's patriotic response, "and I'll be a stronger Confederate than ever." A little before daylight the woman's husband returned and found his wife and four children huddled together in the corner of a fence in sight of the ashes of their late home!

In one other case they fired a residence without giving any notice to the sleeping inhabitants, who were saved from death only by the timely waking up of a faithful slave.

"The maid who binds her warrior a sash—and smiling, all her pain dissembles" is not quite so efficient a heroine of a holy cause as the girl who knits her soldier's sweetheart a pair of warm socks.

A meeting of the farmers of Edgecombe County, N. C., was held at the Court House on Tuesday, the 29th ult., in which it was resolved that the farmers and producers of that county would sell to the families of volunteers and soldiers of small means, who are not entitled to receive any assistance from the committee of relief of the county, corn at \$5 per barrel, pork at 15 cents per pound, bacon at 30 cents per pound, and shoe leather at \$2 per pound, to be paid for in Confederate currency.

## South Carolina Relief Depot, Atlanta.

This excellent institution, established by the South Carolina Central Association, and under the control of W. P. Price, Esq., of Greenville, S. C., Superintendent, is and has been doing a great deal, not alone for the relief of South Carolina Soldiers, but for the army at large. While it has contributed largely in provisions and other supplies to the several Ladies Aid Associations of Atlanta, it has furnished shoes, clothing and blankets to those going to their commands, when the same cannot be furnished by the Government. It also delivers boxes and packages containing provisions and clothing to soldiers in the field, from any State, free of any expense whatever. Having careful road messengers, hundreds of boxes have been safely delivered since its establishment in this city. In addition, it will receive and take care of, until called for, all extra baggage of South Carolina regiments, and will deliver all clothing and property of deceased soldiers to their families or friends.

We know of no better social tribute to South Carolina, than a statement of the objects and operation of this association. She is a noble State, standing nobly by her own sons upon every field, and doing her duty in addition, to the necessities among the sons of the other States. She could not have selected a better almoner of her disinterested charities and benefactions, than Capt. Price, he being a man of education, good manners, and kind benevolent feelings.

[Atlanta Appeal.]

**OUR GENERALS.**—Jacob C. West, of the 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, while before Chattanooga, wrote a private letter to his brother, Charles Shannon West, from which some extracts have been given to Texas Telegraph. We quote:

On Monday morning the Yankees were gone, and I could hear our artillery playing upon their rear. It is said that Gen. Bragg has put Gen. Polk, Hindman and Forrest under arrest, for what, I do not know. My own impression is, that with Lee, Longstreet or Hood in command on that day, half of Rosecrans' army would have been taken. I have now seen Bragg, Buckner, Longstreet, Breckinridge, Lee, Hood and President Davis. The last three look like great men. Buckner has a benevolent looking face—Longstreet is a perfect bull dog. He knows nothing, and cares nothing about flank movements and things of that kind. He knocks away all the time square at the centre, and can whip any army in the world, if he has men enough to fight until he gets tired of it.

Our pickets are now within a few hundred yards of each other. I see no difference between the Yankees here and the Yankees we fought in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and can't understand why we have not whipped them more heretofore.

**THE END OF THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.**—HOW THE NEGROES WERE TREATED.—The New York Spirit of the Times has the following facts relative to the manner in which the United States Government "colonized" the poor negroes stolen from the South:

We are in possession of information direct from the West Indies that the famous scheme gotten up by the President and the Optimist of the State Department for the extradition of the negro element of the United States to the Isle de Vache, has utterly failed, and that the colony planted in that place under their auspices is on the very verge of ruin. An agent of the Government, who was sent there by the Secretary of the Interior to inquire into the affairs of the concern, has just returned, and reports that the colony is well nigh starved to death, and that unless the Government send a steamer to return them to the United States very soon not one of them will be left alive. It appears that the parties upon whom Seward conferred this profitable job have been treating the colonists with the most shocking barbarity, and that nothing is more common with the local agents of these model philanthropists than to administer public floggings and long confinement in the stocks.

While this has been going on, and in face of the fact that the Administration of the colony have offered to sell it, with the poor devils left alive upon it, as its "stock," for the sum of \$15,000, they have been constantly bedeviling the Secretary for the sum of \$60,000 as charges for transporting and maintaining them. It was these demands which first induced the Secretary to send out an agent to inspect, and the result of his report is that Mr. Usher will not pay a cent. The agent, moreover, reports that all the original statements of the company, were false. That the Island which was represented as at earthly paradise, bearing two crops a year, is a barren sand bank, capable only of growing wild weeds and prickly pear. The negroes sinking under their misfortunes, are dying rapidly, while those which survive are begging to come back to the United States to enter the armies of the country. Thus ends Seward's African Utopia, and we fear that unless a little wholesome direction be imparted to its finish, it may wind up in a wholesale horror. There is the greater reason to fear this, as the managers of the concern have recently sent letters to Washington, threatening, unless relieved, to sell the whole thing out.

[Wilmington Journal.]

**CONDITION OF NORTH MISSISSIPPI.**—The people are all, with but few exceptions, true to the South. Our money is worth more in that section than elsewhere in the Confederacy, being about ten for one in gold. You can buy pork within eight miles of Memphis for forty-five cents in Confederate treasury notes, and there is not a single house in North Mississippi, that we were in, that the host or hostess would charge an immoderate price, and the majority of them will not receive a cent from a Confederate soldier. It may be said it was not so some time since. That may be, but it is so now; the people are redeeming themselves from past shortcomings. The neutral ground, i. e. the territory lying between Hernando and Memphis, claimed by the Yankees, is filled with deserters from both armies, who have banded together, in many instances to rob friend or foe. Robberies are of frequent occurrence; and it is not safe for quiet citizens to roam at large, especially if they have money.

[Watchtower.]